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amused with this wonderful wisdom, but I think that the majority of his listeners, who went to drink in what he had to say, swallowed the dose without winking.

"Now these words have entirely different artistic meanings; the values in a picture may be right, while the tone is all wrong, and *vice versa*.

"Value refers to the measure of the several colors in black and white; for instance, if in Nature, certain colors are so many degrees lighter or darker than certain other colors, the same differences must be observed in them throughout the picture, when they are under the same conditions of light and shadow. In considering values, your picture is always referred to Nature and is judged according to its truth. But in considering the *tone* of a picture, we look at the picture itself, without reference to its truth to Nature. Tone means oneness, or the unity or harmony of the colors. This is produced by one pervading influence. If your light is red or blue or yellow, then everything it falls upon must show its influence, even in the shadows in a modified degree."

"I suppose then, you will say that my picture has no tone?"

"Just so; it has no one tone, but many tones. All of your light comes from that window, and yet in the objects lighted by it, you have warm lights and cold shadows, and cold lights and warm shadows, and warm lights and warm shadows, and these are distributed in spots all over the picture. This treatment gives your picture a sort of sparkling effect which will make it very noticeable, so that it will be called 'a brilliant effort,' while if it had tone and correctness of values, it might look tame in the Exhibition, and only be seen by a few painters who are not picture buyers. Almost all of the French pictures are painted to catch the eye of a customer the moment he enters the Exhibition; the picture is meant to shriek out louder than any other picture does. I see clearly what you are trying to do, and sympathize with you. I should try it on myself, perhaps, if I had the ability in that direction, but as I have not, I make a virtue of necessity and go for the correct thing. I am probably like a homely woman who resolves to be virtuous since she cannot be anything else.

"Some day, when you are rich, I want you to knuckle down to a picture, and work as if it were to be seen by some of the old Italian and Dutch masters, men who are not to be taken in by any sensational eccentricities. Of course such work will not pay, financially, but it will pay in the pleasure and knowledge it will give you.

"This picture that I have so abused will be a popular one—the title even will be a suggestive one when read in the catalogue, and I prophecy that you will be a happy man on buyer's day. So don't take my strictures too much to heart as regards the picture, as they were mainly intended to govern you in your future work."

B. "Not at all—thanks."

X. Y. Z.

IN ART, if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well; and one thing well done, is worth a million of inferior productions.

NOTED AMATEUR PAINTERS.

ARTISTIC RECOLLECTIONS BY CHARLES LANMAN.

PROBABLY the most prominent amateur painter which this country has produced, was F. W. Edmonds, of New York. When I first knew him, many years ago, he used to say that he had but four painting days in the year, viz:—New Year's Day, the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day. His regular business was that of banking, but his intense love of art induced him to devote all his leisure hours to painting. His style was allied to that of William S. Mount, humorous, but refined, and those of his productions which were engraved, are highly esteemed by those who happen to possess them. He was intimate with many of the artists, and a general favorite, and while willing to sell an occasional picture, he considered himself only an amateur. That he was a man of superior taste and culture was exemplified by the fact that, in adorning the walls of his house he substituted good engravings for paintings which his means would not allow him to purchase; and a poor picture he would not harbor under his roof. On one occasion it was my privilege to enjoy a dinner with him, and by special request, I went at twelve o'clock, or four hours before the cloth was to be spread. He took me into his studio, and exhibited to me his picture of the "Bashful Cousin," which was all finished, excepting the head of the leading figure; and then telling me that he knew all about my innate bashfulness, asked me to help him in his work. I accordingly stepped out upon the floor to the proper distance, looked as sheepish and frightened as possible, and in a very short time the deed was done; and thus was it that the late Jonathan Sturges became the owner of my portrait, as a mimic, without knowing that he possessed such a treasure. After dinner Mr. Edmonds presented me with a charming little picture, by himself, of "Gil Blas before the Archbishop," which has ever since been one of my household treasures. In Tuckerman's "Book of the Artists," there is a good account of his life, but the author makes the mistake of giving the artist the name of his distinguished brother.

Another noted amateur, whom I always remember with pleasure, was Sir John F. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington. With him I had the honor of not only catching many rock fish, but of visiting and sketching many delightful nooks along the Potomac; he employed both oils and water colors, and was a most accomplished artist. He had studied with David Cox and Copley Fielding, and possessed some of their best productions. Two of them, by the former artist, were ordered from England while he was residing in Washington, and I remember that when they arrived and were seen by one of his colleagues, that personage expressed a desire to obtain *a few of the same kind*, believing them to be colored engravings, and worth about five dollars. The ignorance of this man called forth a criticism that was much more severe than diplomatic. It was at one of Mr. Crampton's dinners that I had the satisfaction of meeting William M. Thackeray, and the conversation of these two men on the art and artists of England was a treat not to be soon forgotten. Among Mr. Cramp-

ton's treasures were many first class etchings—several by Rembrandt—and it was this collection that prompted Mr. Thackeray to write one of his articles on that branch of the fine arts. Mr. Crampton retired from the diplomatic service in 1869, while Minister to Spain, and of late years has had ample leisure to devote himself to the practice of his pencil.

When Mr. Crampton retired from the Washington Legation, Mr., now Sir J. Savile Lumley, was placed in charge, as Charge d'Affaires. With him I also did much sketching along the banks of the Potomac, but a trip that I made with him, for salmon fishing and sketching, on the Nepisiguit, in New Brunswick, I now recall as a kind of delightful dream. His pictures of the Grand Falls, on that river, and of the camp in which we lived, were gems of art, and I do not believe have been eclipsed by the sketches he has since taken in various parts of Europe. In 1859 he was sent to Russia, on a diplomatic mission, and because of his skill as an artist, he was elected an Associate of the Russian Academy of the Fine Arts; since then he has served as Minister Plenipotentiary, at the Courts of Switzerland, Belgium and Spain.

There was another diplomat with whom it was my privilege to do a good deal of sketching, viz: the late Minister from Japan, Mr. Yoshida Kiyonari. On a certain occasion, while making a sketch at Crosbysedè, Lake George, where we were spending the summer together, he watched my movements for a time, and suddenly said that he would like to try his hand with the pencil. I at once prepared my paint box for his use, and he went to work. He had never taken a lesson in drawing, and knew but little about colors, but his first effort was not without merit. He tried a second time, and became infatuated. He then requested me to order some artistic supplies from Goupil & Co., and until they arrived he retained my paint box in his possession, so that I had nothing to do in the art line, except to give him a few hints. His enthusiasm was such that he spent several entire days in painting from his cottage door, without stopping long enough to take his dinner. His progress was amazing, and many of his subsequent pictures, painted at Lake George, along the coast of New Jersey, and on the Potomac, and especially some forest scenes, taken among the Alleghenies, would do credit to professional artists of established fame. And by way of further illustrating his enthusiasm, I may mention the fact that on the morning he was to leave Washington for Japan, and only two hours before starting, he was putting the finishing touches upon a picture which he desired to present to a friend.

Connected with another of my amateur friends, who shall be nameless, is the following incident, which I fear will not pass into history unless I mention it in this place: I had been sketching with him at the Great Falls of the Potomac, and when, at the close of the day he was about to pack up his things he used a considerable amount of spare color in marking on a rock a number of strange *Indian* characters. Several years afterwards, a mutual friend of ours, and a man of science, as well as an amateur artist, discovered the aforesaid rock, took a photograph of the mysterious figures, and in his zeal, deposited it in the Smithsonian Institution,

where was held a solemn conclave over the rare discovery of new information connected with the "stone age." And it was not until many years afterwards that the scientific artist was made acquainted with the true history of his exploit.

A LESSON FROM A STEEPLE.

EVERY one who has tried to paint a landscape knows that an object will retire, or come forward, almost exactly in proportion to the amount of sharply defined detail placed upon it. Anything covered with exaggerated detail will look small and near—treated broadly, without definition, it will seem large and distant. I had this lesson very forcibly impressed upon me the other day, in a way which is unusual and not uninteresting. There is a certain steeple of a church, built in an Italian Renaissance style, very high and not without beauty. It was covered with a yellowish grey plaster, and formed a pleasing object about a mile distant from the railroad by which I go to town every morning. For years I have looked at this steeple and thought how well it takes its place among the morning mists. Last month I was away for a few days and, when first I went to town after my return, I looked up from my newspaper to regard my steeple as usual and was startled, almost stunned, to have it close upon me instead of at a mile's distance. It really seemed close at hand and turned into a tall gridiron. For an instant I could not understand the situation, but I soon perceived that an immense scaffolding covered the steeple from top to bottom, and the sun shining on the timbers cut the mass up with strong lines of light and dark, ruining its dignity and simplicity and making it vulgar and common. It reminded me at once of one of Denner's heads of an old woman covered with exaggerated wrinkles.

A covering of any surface with exaggerated detail has always the same effect of making the whole mass mean and little. Detail of every kind must be used with the utmost reserve and delicacy; oftentimes it must be suggested rather than fully expressed. But there must never be an appearance of incompleteness; what is done must be done with knowledge, and where the artist refrains from doing it, it must be felt that he refrains intentionally, with the full knowledge and the power to do more if it were best.

My vulgarized steeple was merely to me a type of much of the art work which I see, where ignorance is unable to discriminate, but covers the entire surface with meaningless lines. I felt the lesson strongly at the time, but I do not know that I can turn it to proper account.

G.

THE BURNS STATUE.

THERE would seem to be a great difference in the artistic standards of New York and London.

The Burns statue in Central Park has been universally condemned both by artists and laymen as the very worst statue in the grounds, one that by contrast raised several questionable monstrosities into the sphere of respectability. A replica of this statue, which is the work of Sir John Steel, has recently been unveiled in the gardens of the Thames Embankment, and no word of adverse criticism appears to have been uttered by any of the English art critics.